

## A WAY OF SEEING NATURE.

(Denver Post.)

"She stood upon the Pullman platform, gazing in wonder as the train did upward creep.  
"Northward by grand eternal snow-capped peaks,  
"Through cañons deep.  
"Great scenery," to break the ice I said.  
"Incomprehensible, majestic, grand!"  
And she replied with nod of queenly head.  
"Oh! break the band!"  
"Those towering pines, how generous in their pride,  
"Swayed by the passing breeze from top to roots;  
"Are not they kingly?" and she soft replied:  
"Yes, why not they beaute?"  
"What mighty power moved the hand that split  
"These mighty rocks apart and broken them a back?"  
With upturned eyes she answered:  
"Wasn't it a wonderjack?"  
"These rugged canyon walls on either side,  
"Present they not a most imposing front?"  
She turned her eyes upon them and replied:  
"Well, I should grant!"  
"Didst note the golden haze which dreamily  
"Spread o'er the hills when day began to dawn?"  
She thought a moment and then answered me:  
"Yes, I caught on!"  
"How insignificant we mortals seem  
"Surrounded by the works of Nature, such  
"As this!" She soft replied: "Well, I should dream!  
"We aren't so much!"  
"Suppose these great walls towering overhead  
"Should close upon us in this awful chasm!"  
She shuddered her shoulders once or twice and said:  
"I'd have a spasm!"  
"Are you from Denver, may I ask," and she  
"Gave me a glance that caused my hair to curl  
"And said: "Well, I should murmur 'No!' Ebe  
"A Boston girl!"

### THE EBON CROSS.

My friend, Robert Thurston, is a man whose real character and that indicated by his appearance, are as far different as can be imagined. He is the proverbial "black sheep" of the family, and yet, despite all his wildness, he has often been mistaken for a clergyman. Here is the story of one of my nomadic friend's adventures, as related by himself:

I was in Paris. The city and its ways were well known to me, while my circle of acquaintances was not small.

One day while wandering about the city alone, I came to a standstill at the corner of one of the most fashionable streets. A man passed me who looked very searchingly into my face. In a few minutes he returned and again favored me with that annoying stare.

"I beg your pardon, monsieur but is not this Alaris?"

The man was sincere, and I comprehended that I was mistaken for some other person, but I was about deny all knowledge when the desire for a little sport overcame my more serious inclinations, and I gravely replied:

"I am so called."

"I thought it must be so," he continued, with an air of satisfaction. "Those black crosses are too uncommon to be seen in large number on this corner at the appointed hour."

I bowed slightly. I knew my strange friend referred to the ebon cross that hung over my white shirt bosom, but for all that his words were most mysterious.

## GO TO THE OLD RELIABLE DRUG HOUSE

OF

B. O. WOOD

And you will find anything you may want for a Christmas remembrance. I have always tried to have a good stock of Holiday Goods on hand, as many of you may know, for years past and I will not disappoint you at the close of this Eighteenth Century.



Respectfully

B. O. WOOD,

When I lay in a stock of Holiday Goods I, as a matter of fact, want to sell them. I cannot sell them if you don't come and see them. So, if there is some Little Thing, or Big Thing, that you may wish for a Christmas Present—I will ask you to call and I will try and please you in making a selection. I have a nice line to select from

Monroe City, Mo.

"You are nearly an hour before time," continued the unknown, "but if you are ready we will at once proceed to the residence of my master."

"Quite ready," I replied; "lead on."

Had you been present, my dear fellow, you would, without doubt, have been greatly shocked at the course I was taking; but it just suited me, and I saw before me a prospect of rich pleasure.

So I followed on after my guide, who finally paused before one of the most pretentious mansions of the city, and applied for admission. While we waited for an answer to his summons, I read the name upon the door plate of the mansion. It was M. Jules Levane.

The servant who answered the bell admitted us without question, and my companion conducted me through several rooms into the library, and then left me with the announcement that he would at once send M. Levane to my presence.

The mystery was deepening. This house, with its magnificence, was such as might well be inhabited by a prince, and I began to fear I had carried my joke too far.

The reflection that it was now too late to retreat caused me to determine to keep up the deception for a time longer, and I heard advancing footsteps with the utmost tranquillity.

A tall, imperious-looking man of about 50 years entered, and, while saluting me, kept his gaze constantly fixed upon me.

"You are the clergyman sent here by Col. de Lisle?" he questioned, abruptly.

"Sent to the corner of — and — streets," I amended, at a venture.

"And you are the gentleman who was directed to answer to the name of Alaris?"

"I am."

"Very good. Did Col. de Lisle inform you as to the nature of the business in hand?"

"He did not," I ventured to affirm.

"Very well; I will make it plain to you. First, however, I presume you are the bold, fearless man Col. de Lisle agreed to send to me—one willing to perform a bold deed for a pecuniary inducement?"

"Col. de Lisle knew his business," I returned with an emphatic nod.

"Then, monsieur, we will attend to business at once. As you have, perhaps, learned, my name is M. Jules Levane. I am believed to be very wealthy, but really I am not worth a thousand louis d'ors. Ten years ago I lost nearly my whole fortune by the failure of a scheme in which I had speculated largely. Ruin stared me in the face. I knew not what to do in such a fearful situation. Accustomed from my youth to a life of luxury and ease, and looked upon as a man whom princes dared not slight, the idea of falling was too terrible for contemplation.

"Thus situated, I did what nearly every other man would have done in my situation. I had a ward, given to my charge five years previously, by her dying father, my early friend. This ward was very wealthy, and all her property was under my control. To save my life from ruin I appropriated her fortune that has for ten years kept my head above the tide. Now my ward has reached the age at which her fortune was to be placed conditionally in her hands. Monsieur, what shall I do? Rule is inevitable if I give up her money."

"Let me hear your plan," said I.

"I have a son, 24 years of age, the heir of my respectability and my poverty. If Louis and Marie were to marry, the fortune would not need to leave my control, and all would be well."

"Then, let them marry."

"Ah, that is the trouble. Marie refuses to wed my son."

I began to comprehend the plot, and resolved to carry out the part I had undertaken.

"Proceed," said I, blindly.

"Did you ever hear of a marriage ceremony being performed where the bride refused to give her consent to the union?" demanded M. Jules Levane, fixing a gaze upon me as though he would read my very thought.

"Frequently," I replied, carelessly.

"I asked the same question of Col. de Lisle," said the old villain, with an air of relief, "and he gave me an affirmative reply. He furthermore promised to send a clergyman to the corner of — and — streets, at 2 o'clock p. m. today, who would be kind enough to perform such a ceremony. Col. de Lisle was obliged to start for

Lyons this morning on important business, so he could not be present. It was agreed, however, that the reverend gentleman should wear upon his breast a peculiar black cross, and it was by that my man recognized him."

M. Levane here arose and went to a desk in one corner of the room. This he unlocked, and took therefrom a stout canvas bag, which was half filled with glittering gold. He laid the bag before me and then continued:

"Now, Monsieur, Marie Duchane must wed my son. If you perform that ceremony this gold is yours."

I did not hesitate an instant, but pocketing the gold, bade the scheming guardian lead the way to the bridal chamber.

I found the bride-elect, a most beautiful girl, to be firmly opposed to the union contemplated by her guardian, and so I applied to M. Levane for permission to argue the case with her. He readily consented to this, and I took the unwilling bride aside and explained the circumstances of the case to her. She was at first inclined to doubt my statements, but I succeeded in convincing her of my truthfulness at length, and by my advice she consented to let the ceremony proceed, when assured that it would be a mere farce.

Levane was delighted at my success as a diplomatist, and the marriage was at once performed. Mlle. Marie acted the part of the unwilling, but submissive, bride to perfection, and I venture to say my part was creditably performed, thanks to the experience I had had in our miniature plays at home.

After partaking of a bountiful supper I left the Levanes, father and son, in raptures, and, with the bag of gold in my pocket, proceeded to the office of the chief of police, where I told my story and demanded justice for the unfortunate ward of M. Jules.

I need not dwell on what followed. Marie Duchane recovered her fortune and soon after married a worthy young man.—New York News.

### THE "ANGELUS" WOMAN.

The Original of Millet's Famous Picture Still Lives at Barbizon.

Woman's Home Companion:

Barbizon, a little village in the midst of the forest of Fontainebleau, a short distance from Paris, has become a goal of pilgrimage for many admirers of Millet's work, and particularly for those who know that the woman who suggested to the great painter his famous picture of "The Angelus" still lives there in a little cottage a stone's throw from where she was born. Mere Adele's home is a small vine-clad cottage, in which she lives a frugal but comfortable life, troubled only by the over-inquisitive tourists and by her rheumatism. She must have been an attractive woman once for even now although she has witnessed the passing of more than three score years and ten, there are traces of former beauty in her wrinkled face.

Mere Adele has worn her fingers blunt by toil, and her form is bent under the burdens she has had to bear. When she looks at you her smile is like a benediction, and the beautiful things of earth are not lost upon her. Her manner is cheerful, as one who feels she has not lived in vain. If questioned closely she will tell you of the day when the great artist came through the dense forest with his wife and children, leaving behind him the gay city of Paris with its schools of painting and its models. She knows a great deal of the very hard days which followed for Jean Francois Millet—the toil, the anxiety, the disappointments. She nursed his five children, and did the little field work in the garden adjoining the cottage. When he saw his nurse girl, Adele and her father reverently bowing their heads in prayer at the ringing of the Angelus, he conceived the picture which, if not his best work, is yet the best known, and the one most appreciated by the people.

### A BACHELOR'S REFLECTIONS.

We mostly repent only when we have to.

One excuse makes a lie and two make perjury.

Children are the links that hold many a weak marriage chain together.

The more children a woman has the less she seems to learn about human nature.

When a woman asks a man whom her baby looks like she can't help blushing and looking guilty.

Every woman is a good actress till she goes on the stage.

There is one thing a woman never can understand, and that is herself.

When the devil has his choice as to instruments he first picks jealousy.

If there weren't any bad men to be horrible examples, probably there wouldn't be any good women to be shining examples.

When a man can make a woman believe that he can't help thrilling at her voice she feels she has to marry him so that she can turn the current on whenever she feels like it.

### GRAND OLD MISSOURI.

Last Friday State Treasurer Pitts sent to the American Exchange Bank of New York, the States' fiscal agt., his check for \$795,000 to redeem the 8 per cent option bonds. He sent another check for \$69,735 with which to pay interest on same. This will make a reduction of \$1,500,000 for the year and the insignificant of indebtedness \$3,000,000. That is Democracy.